

Vocal Companion:

O R,

SONGSTER'S Delight.

Being a choice

C O L L E C T I O N

Of all the celebrated

N E W S O N G S,

Sung at the

Public GARDENS and THEATRES.

THE WHOLE

Calculated for the Entertainment of all who are
Friends to Harmony, Love, Wit, Humour,
Mirth, and Jollity.

L O N - D O N :

Printed for H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, at the
Golden-Ball, Pater-noster-row. 1759.

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THE
VOCAL COMPANION:

O R,

SONGSTER'S DELIGHT, &c.



S O N G I.

Sung by Mrs. Vernon, in Eliza.

WHEN all the ATTIC Fire was fled,
And all the ROMAN Virtue dead,
Poor Freedom left her Seat!
Poor Freedom left her Seat!
The GOTHIC Mantle spread a Night,
That damp'd fair VIRTUE's fading Light,
The Muses lost their Mate!
The Muses lost their Mate!

Where should they wander?

Where should they wander?

What new Shore

Had yet a Lawrel left in Store?

To this blest Me they steer!

To this, &c.

Soon the PARNASSIAN Choir was heard:

Soon VIRTUE's sacred Form appear'd:

And Freedom soon was here!

And Freedom, &c.

B

The

[2]

The lazy Monk has lost his Cell ;
Religion rings her hallow'd Bell ;
She calls thee now by me !
She calls, &c.

Hark ! hark ! hark ! her sweet Voice all plaintive
sounds.

See ! See ! See ! she receives a thousand Wounds,
If shielded not by thee.
If shielded not by thee.

S O N G II.

Sung by Signiora Frasi.

W I T H Swords on their Thighs the bold
Yeomen are seen,
For their Country they arm, their Religion and
Queen.

For their Country they arm, &c.
How glorious their Ardour to lay down their Lives,
In Defence of their Freedom, their Children and
Wives.

In Defence of their Freedom, &c.
Ye Tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
How she guards all our Shores, and protects all
our Fields :

As **HEBE** she's fair, and as **HERCULES** strong,
She's the Queen of our Mirth, and the Joy of our
Song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,
Fill the Goblets around to the Lords of the Main ;
Fill the Goblets to Liberty, raise up the high
chearful Strain,
Fill the Goblets around to the Lords of the Main,
Fill the Goblets, &c.

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Eliza is Queen, and her round to the Lords of the
Main,

Eliza is Queen, and her brave loyal Band,
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land.

Eliza is Queen, &c.
Shall drive each Invader, &c.

SONG III.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

DEAR Cloe come give me sweet Kisses,
For sweeter no Girl ever gave;

But why in the midst of my Blissies,

Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I am not to be stinted in Pleasures,

Then prithee dear Cloe be kind,

For since I love thee beyond Measure,

To Numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the Bees that on Hibla are playing,

Count the Flow'rs that enamel the Fields;

Count the Flocks, that on Tempe are straying,

Or the Grain that rich Sicily yields.

Count how many Stars are in Heav'n,

Go number the Sands on the Shore;

And when so many Kisses you've giv'n,

I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold thee,

A Heart which dear Cloe is thine:

In my Arms I'd for ever enfold thee,

And circle thee round like a Vine.

What Joy can be greater than this is?

My Life on thy Lips shall be spent:

But the Wretch who can number his Kisses,

Will always with few be content.

S O N G IV.

Sung by Signiora Frasi.

MY fond Shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay;
 That each Night they went safely to Rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the Day.
 But ah! what a Scene must appear?
 Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er?
 Shall the Tabor, the Tabor no more strike the Ear?
 Shall the Dance on the Green be no more?

Will the Flocks from their Pastures be led?
 Must the Herds go wild straying abroad?
 Shall the Looms be all stopt in each Shed?
 And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road?
 Must the ARTS be all scatter'd around?
 And shall COMMERCE grow sick of her Tides?
 Must RELIGION expire on the Ground?
 And shall VIRTUE sink down by her Side?

S O N G V.

RAIL no more ye learned Asses,
 Against the Joys the Bowl supplies,
 Sound its Depth, and fill your Glasses,
 Wisdom as the Bottom lies;
 Fill them higher, still and higher,
 Shall our Draughts perplex the Brain,
 Sipping quenches all our Fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the Scene for Mirth and Pleasure,
 Enter Jollity, and Joy;
 We for thinking, have no leisure,
 Manly Mirth is our Employ:

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Since in Life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present Hour engage,
 And when Death shall drop the Curtain,
 With Applause we'll quit the Stage.

S O N G VI.

ANSON and WARREN.

L O N G had the French Navy with that of
 proud Spain,
 Insulted our Coasts and rode Lords of the Main ;
 Look'd into our Ports with a Show to invade,
 Our Castles defy'd and half ruin'd our Trade ;
 Britannia amaz'd at this signal Disgrace,
 Vents awful a Sigh and in Clouds veils her Face ;
 But rouz'd on her Naval Sons fixes her Eyes,
 And bids with a Smile two lov'd Admirals rise.

Cbo. To Anson and Warren your Bumpers lift high,
 They'll chase the French Squadrons beneath
 ev'ry Sky.

O'erjoy'd they sail forth and come up with the Foe,
 Determin'd like Britons to strike a bold Blow ;
 Not heedful of Order they in Courage confide,
 The best Line of Battle's a thund'ring Broad-side ;
 Red Smoak soon involving Sea Earth Air confounds,
 'Tis all Rage and Tumult, Distraction and Wounds,
 Disabled the French to our Cross Homage pay,
 And dragg'd home in 'Triumph, thus crown the
 fam'd Day.

Cbo. To Anson and Warren your Bumpers lift high,
 They'll chase the French Squadrons, &c.

So Russell and Blake bid our Sea Lyons roar,
 Whose Shadow appearing alarm'd ev'ry Shear,

In warring on Ocean our Wisdom's best shown,
 In Spirit the Navy then Trades all our own;
 To him who his Thunders at Cape Breton hurl'd,
 To him a new Drake who encompass'd the World;
 May our Liege flourish long, may his Arms humble
 France,

Ye Seraphs O shield and direct William's Lance.

Cho. To Anson and Warren your Bumpers lift high,
 They'll chase the French Squadrons beneath
 ev'ry Sky.

SONG VII.

Set by Mr. J. James.

YE thirsty Souls who love to drink,
 And turn the Bottle round,
 Who ne'er have any Time to think,
 When Bumpers can be found;
 In strong Conjunction let's agree,
 Now Bacchaus leads the Van,
 To blend each Glass with Harmony,
 And thus compleat our Span.
 And thus compleat our Span.

Since Wine's the very Source and Spring,
 Of all our Joys on Earth,
 It makes the whole Creation ring,
 With Gaiety and Mirth;
 Since then the Bottle has the Pow'r,
 To fix us nobly great,
 Let us enjoy it ev'ry Hour,
 And leave the rest to Fate.
 And leave the rest to Fate.

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S O N G VIII.

Set by Mr. Popely.

HA D Neptune when first he took Charge of
 the Sea,
 Been as wise or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't and instead of his
 Brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous
 Wine.
 Would have fill'd the vast Ocean, &c.
 What Trafficking then would have been on the
 Main,
 For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain;
 No Fear then of Tempest, or Danger of Sinking,
 The Fishes ne'er drown, that are always a Drinking.
 The hot thirsty Sun, would drive on with more
 Haste,
 Secure in the Ev'ning of such a Repast;
 And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his
 Nap,
 With double the Pleasure in Thetis's Lap.
 By the Force of his Rays, and thus heated with
 Wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
 What vast Exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor Earth as it wanted Supply.
 How happy us Mortals when blest with such Rain,
 To fill all our Vessels, and fill 'em again;
 Nay even the Beggar that has ne'er a Dish,
 Might jump in the River, and drink like a Fish.
 What Mirth and Contentement on every one's Brow,
 Hob, as great as a Prince, dancing after his Plough,
 The

The Birds in the Air, as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The Stars who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the Fume of the Wine;
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as Mortals below.

Had this been the Case, then what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still raising, our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A Pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his Pow'r,
To slip like a Fool, such a fortunate Hour.

SONG IX.

An Occasional ODE,

On the Dawn of the Success of our Arms.

HA I L England! Old England, for, Glory
renown'd,
In Arms as in Arts so transcendently crown'd,
'Tis thine strict to honour no Treaties to break,
'Tis thine strict to honour no Treaties to break;
'Tis thine to revenge when that Honour's at Stake;
Then now rise ye brave! Draw the Sword, point
the Lance,
And bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France.
And bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France.
Huzza, Huzza, Huzza, Oh! ye Britons to Con-
quest pursue,
The Trumpet of Vict'ry's uplifted for you.
Hark, Truth speaks, already our Heroes prevail,
The rouz'd English Lion makes Gallia turn pale:
Thy Cunning Oh France, it's own Fate will decree,
Success, lo, dawns on us by Land and by Sea;
And wide o'er the Main shall the British Flag fly,
To force that Submission which Pride would deny.
Huzza, &c,

Britannia

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Britannia rejoices your Ardour to see,
 My Sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for Freedom and Me;
 Tho' Gallic Ambition, Alliance explore,
 You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd
 before;
 And Triumph, these Truths, to all Nations shall sing,
 The Ocean is George's, and George is your King.
 Huzza, &c.

S O N G X.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall.

ALEXIS a pretty young Swain,
 To court me comes many a Mile;
 I bid him make haste back again,
 Tho' I wish him to stay a great while;
 With all by which Love is express'd,
 He studies my Heart to beguile;
 I wish him Success I protest,
 But I tell him he'll wait a great while.
 He brought me a Nosegay to Day,
 And vow'd 'twas more Pleasure than Toil,
 I took it I safely can say,
 And I let him not ask a great while;
 He begg'd me to grant him a Kiss,
 So earnest he made me to smile,
 Have done I cry'd he 'tis amiss,
 But I wish'd it to last a great while.
 He tells me I ought to be kind,
 That Time all my Beauties will foil,
 I cross him tho' quite of his Mind,
 For I love him to talk a great while;
 I think such sweet Things he has said,
 My Coyness at last he will spoil;
 And when he once asks me to wed,
 Oh! I'll not live a Maid a great while.

S O N G

SONG XI.

Bread and Cheese and Kisses.

LAST Time I saw my *Chloe's* Eyes,
 As usual first our Talk was Love;
 But suddenly as Topicks rise,
 So we to other Subjects move;
 I ask'd if she had din'd, on what,
 For nought with us amiss is;
 She to my Question answer'd pat,
 On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses,

Now could you think I'm jealous grown,
 Indeed 'tis true as I am here;
 But yet on me she ne'er did frown,
 Then Rival I've no need to fear;
 Yet still alas! 'twould pierce my Breast,
 If ought I've done amiss is;
 To make with her another Feast,
 On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Come *Hymen*, God of nuptial Band,
 And light to hymeneal Bliss;
 I have a Heart, I have a Hand,
 A Dowry good, I'll give her these.
 What is more choice, than Truth to give,
 To that all Wealth amiss is;
 Possess'd of her content I'd live,
 On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

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SONG XII.

The BATCHELOR'S CHOICE. Set by I. H.

IF ever Oh! *Hymen* you grant me a Wife,
Let this be her Portrait, she'll hold me for Life,
Youth, Beauty, Good-nature, averse to Conceit,
Her Sense quite refin'd, and in Person quite neat.

I'd have her with Prudence be chearful and free,
Nor reserv'd like a Drone, or at least not to me,
Obliging and easy, compliant with Smiles,
Mised by no Passions, allur'd by no Wiles.

If the Fair I describe, in the Isle can be found,
For no other I'll wed, if I search the World round,
When summon'd by *Hymen* I'll gladly away,
To hear the soft Promise, to Love and Obey.

SONG XIII.

The TARS of OLD ENGLAND.

BEHOLD my brave *Britons* the fair springing Gale,
Fill a Bumper and tosse of your Glasses;
Buffs, Buffs part with your frolicksome Lasses,
Then a-board and unfurl the wide flowing Sail,
Then a-board, &c.

While *British* Oak beneath us rolls,
And *English* Courage fires our Souls;
To crown our Toils the Fates decree,
The Wealth and Empire of the Sea.
Cho. While *British* Oak, &c.

Our Canvas and Cares to the Winds we display,
Life and Fortune we cheerfully venture;

And

And we laugh, and we quaf, and we banter,
Nor think of To-Morrow, while fure of To-Day.
Cho. While *British* Oak, &c.

The Streamers of *France* at a Distance appear,
We muft mind other Mufick than Catches ;
Man our Quarters, and handle our Matches,
Our Cannon produce, and for Battle prepare.
Cho. While *British* Oak, &c.

Engender'd in Smoak and deliver'd in Flame,
British Vengeance rolls loud as the Thunder,
Let the Vault of the Sky burft afunder,
So Victory follows with Riches and Fame.
Cho. While *British* Oak, &c.

S O N G X I V .

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

TELL me, Laffes, have you feen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the Green,
Beauty's Son, a little Boy,
Full of Frolick, Mirth, and Joy ?
If you know his Shelter, fay ;
He's from *Venus* gone aftray.

Tell me, Laffes, have you feen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

By his Marks the God you'll know :
O'er his Shoulder hangs a Bow,
And a Quiver fraught with Darts,
Poifon fure to human Hearts :
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the Mind.

Tell me, Laffes, have you feen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

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Subtle as the Light'ning's Wound,
Is his piercing Arrow found :
While the Bosom's Heart it pains,
No external Marks remains :
Reason's Shield itself is broke,
By the unsuspected Stroke.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

Oft the Urchin's seen to lie
Basking in the sunny Eye ;
Or his destin'd Prey he seeks,
On the Maiden's rosy Cheeks :
Snowy Breasts, or curling Hair,
Oft conceal the pleasing Snare.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

She that the Recess reveals,
Where the God himself conceals,
Shall a Kiss receive this Night,
From her Heart's supreme Delight :
To *Venus* let her bring the Boy,
She shall taste Love's sweetest Joy.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

S O N G X V .

L E T me wander not unseen,
By hedge-row Elm, or Willow green ;
There the Plowman near at Hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
There the Plowman near at Hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;

And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Vale;
While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Vale.

S O N G X V I .

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee;
I'll visit oft the birkin Bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our Haunts thou didst repair,
By Greenhood, Shaw, or Fountain;
Or where the Summer's Day I'd share,
With you upon yon Mountain:
There will I tell the Trees and Flower's,
With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender:
By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
My Heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G X V I I .

TO make the Man kind, and keep true to the
Bed,
Whom your Choice, or your Destiny brings you
to wed,
Take a Hint from a Friend, whom Experience has
taught,

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And Experience you know never fails when 'tis
bought.

And Experience you know never fails when 'tis
bought.

The Arts which you practis'd at first to ensnare,
(For in Love, little Arts, as in Battle are fair)
Whether Neatness or Prudence, or Wit were the Bait,
Let the Hook still be cover'd, and still play the Cheat.
Let the Hook, &c.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his Flame,
To reproach him is never the Way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover, than conquer an Heart,
For this is all Nature, but that is all Art.
For this is all, &c.

Good Sense is to them, what a Face is to you,
Flatter that, and like us they but think it their Due;
Doubt the Strength of your Judgment, compar'd
with his own,
And he'll give you Perfections at present unknown.
And he'll give, &c.

Tho' you learn that your Rival, his Bounty partake,
And your merited Favour, ungrateful forsake;
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging and free;
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind while you see.
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind while you see.

S O N G XVII.

Chloe's Noble Choice.

THE Beau, with his delicate Womanish Face,
Whose Merit all lies in a Feather and Lace;
The Proud, the Immortal, the Coward, the Vain,
May sue for my Love, but will meet my Disdain.

The Dunce I detest, and whose Wit is severe,
 I sicken, whenever a Sycophant's near,
 The Brute that's ill-manner'd, disorders one much,
 And I'd die an old Maid e'er I'd couple with such.

But he in whom Sense and Politeness are join'd,
 Whose Study has been to embellish his Mind;
 Whose Pleasures ne'er injure his Health nor his Purse,
 Is fit to be taken for better for worse.

Whose Wit has no Gaul, and whose Tongue no Deceit,
 Whose Nature is noble, his Conduct discreet;
 Ne'er knew any Fear, but to hurt or offend:
 If he questions my Heart, he will find it his Friend.

S O N G X I X .

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Fair Quaker of Deal.

HOW little do the Landmen know
 Of what we Sailors feel,
 When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow?
 But we have Hearts of Steel.
 No Danger can affright us;
 No Enemy shall flout:
 We'll make the Monfieurs right us:
 So tofs the Can about.

Stick stout to Orders, Messmates;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink:
 Then, France, have at your First-rates;
 For Britons never shrink.
 We rumage all we fancy;
 We'll bring them in by Scores;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy
 Shall roll in Louis d'Ors.

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While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll spend our Wages freely, Boys,
 And then to Sea for more.
 In Peace we'll drink and sing Boys ;
 In War we'll never fly :
 Here's a Health to George our King, Boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G XX.

In the Winter's Tale.

C O M E, come, my dear Shepherd, our Flocks
 we must shear ;
 In your Holiday Suits with your Lasses appear :
 The happiest of Folks are the Guiltless and Free ?
 And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?
 We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught ;
 We practise no Arts with Hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our Hearts you may read in our
 Eyes,
 For, knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.
 By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led ;
 But we all the Children of Nature are bred :
 By our Hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the Roses will bloom when there's Peace in the
 Breast.
 That Giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
 Our Roofs are too low for so lofty a Head :
 Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our Door ;
 They smile with the Simple, and feed with the Poor.
 When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal ;
 Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we feel ;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine Folks to deceive and betray.

S O N G XXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

TIS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they
 are twain,
 Since Thyrsis neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay Meadows along,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What at first was but Friendship soon grew to a Flame;
 In my Heart it was Love, in the Youth 'twas the same;
 From each other our Passion we sought not to hide;
 But who shou'd love most was our Contest and Pride,
 But who, &c.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, "Love not too well,
 "For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
 "And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gift on its Side,
 "The grave ones will scorn, and a Mother must chide,
 "The grave, &c."

Afraid of Rebukes, he his Visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
 Or to tarry, with Patience, a Season more kind:
 So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind,
 So I put, &c.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid:
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your Care:
 Condemn the God Cupid; but bless the fond Pair,
 Condemn the God Cupid; but bless the fond Pair.

S O N G

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SONG XXII.

*An ADDRESS to the LADIES.**Sung at Ranelagh.*

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome Round,
 Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
 The Sexes at once to confound?
 What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air,
 With each Motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support,
 May call ev'ry Art to her Aid;
 The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
 Are Samples she gives of her Trade:
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,
 Shou'd slyly attack us, with Coyness and Wiles,
 Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls,
 Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the View,
 And kindly shou'd seem, by the Artist design'd,
 To serve as a Model for you.
 Then learn, with her Beauties, to copy her Air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal—sweet Girls,
 And double, &c.

The

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of May,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure :
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay,
 And your Empire is solid, and sure :
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us in Fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters or Aunts ;
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives—poor Girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives.

S O N G XXIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his Joy and Delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his Sight ;
 He wants to be with me, where-ever I go ;
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 His Pleasure all Day is to sit by my Side ;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide :
 I bid him depart, but he, smiling, says, no ;
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce, &c.

He often requests me his Flame to relieve ;
 I ask him, what Favour he hopes to receive ?
 His Answer's a Sigh, while in Blushes I glow :
 What Mortal beside him wou'd plague a Maid so ?
 What Mortal, &c.

This Breast-knot he yesterday brought from the Wake,
 And softly intreated I'd wear for his Sake.
 Such Trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

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He hands me each Eve from the Cot to the Plain,
 And meets me each Morn to conduct me again;
 But what's his Intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

S O N G XXIV.

WHEN the Nymphs were contending for
 Beauty and Fame,
 Bright Sylvia stood foremost in Right of her Claim;
 And to crown the high Transports dear Conquest
 excites,
 At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.
 At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad Case?
 A cruel Disease has destroy'd her sweet Face;
 Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled Red,
 And all the gay Graces of Beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain;
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since Reason took Place,
 Than when she possess'd the Perfections of Face,
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquet it, and tease;
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
 Makes Truth and Discretion the Guide of her Life;
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well-form'd for a Wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well-form'd for a Wife.

SONG XXV.

On the Marriage Act.

THE Fool that is wealthy is sure of a Bride ;
For Riches, like Fig-leaves, their Naked-
ness hide :

The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life,
In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife.

In good Days of yore, they ne'er troubled their Heads
In settling of Jointures, or making of Deeds ;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd Course,
E'en took one another, for better for worse.

Then prythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
Let Love be thy Jointure ; ne'er mind an Estate :
You can never be poor, who have all those Charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my Arms.

SONG XXVI.

The ROVER.

IN all the Sex some Charms I find ;
I love to try all Woman-kind,
The fair, the smart, the witty,
The fair, the smart, the witty.

In Cupid's Fetters, most severe,
I languish'd out a long, long Year,
The Slave of wanton Kitty,
The Slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the gauling Chain,
And swore that Love was endless Pain,
One constant Scene of Folly,
One constant, &c.

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I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke;
 But soon I felt a second Stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue,
 Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder Valley,
 That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another Snare,
 And caught me in the curling Hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with Charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle;
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By Turns the Prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle:
 But never more will settle.

S O N G XXVII.

A Pastoral Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **H**ASTE, haste, Phillis, haste, 'tis the First
 of the May,
 Hark, the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood let's
 away;
 We'll pluck the pale Primrose; nay, start not,
 my Dear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your Ear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

She.

She. Excuse me, fond Swain, it has often been said,
 The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread;
 And a wither'd old Gypsey one Day I espy'd,
 Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said some-
 thing beside,
 Bid me, &c.

He. 'Tis all a mere Fable; there's nothing to fright;
 There's Music all Day, and no Spectres at Night;
 No Creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
 And Cupid's an Urchin you surely can't fear,
 And Cupid, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the Wood,
 Who knows your Design? you may dare to be
 rude:
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Lest Cupid and you be too hard for a Maid,
 Lest Cupid, &c.

He. His Dictates you wisely at once should approve,
 For, pray what is Life? It is Pain without Love:
 Think how Youth, like the Rose, tho' unga-
 ther'd, will fade;
 Then quickly comply, lest you die an Old Maid,
 Then quickly, &c.

She. By Language as artful young Daphne was won;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and
 undone;
 And, rather than trust the fine Things you have
 said,
 Let my Beauty decay, and I'll die an Old Maid,
 Let my Beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the Wind;
 I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond, and as kind;

Will lead you to Pleasure untasted before,
And make you a Bride; can a Mortal do more?
And make you, &c.

She. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say no;
To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go;
To the Wood next, tho' Cupid so talk'd of be there,
With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all Fear,
With Joy, &c.

Both. Ye Nymphs, to the Woods never venture to go;
'Till the Priest joins your Hands, you must answer, no, no:
Ye Swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you still,
You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll go where you will,
You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll go where you will.

S O N G XXVIII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

I'LL sing of my Lover all Night and all Day;
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolick and gay;
His Voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play;
And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey,
And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey.

He says, that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
And praises my Eyes, my Lips, and my Hair;
Rose, Vi'let, nor Lilly, with me can compare;
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear;
And a bonny, &c.

D

He

He kneel'd at my Feet, and, with many a Sigh,
 He cry'd, oh! my Dear, will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it; I'll die:
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, not I;
 And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
 And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet,
 His Looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet;
 And a bonny, &c.

At Eve, when the Sun seeks Repose in the West,
 And May's tuneful Choirists all skim to their Nest;
 When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love best,
 My Heart is just ready to burst in my Breast;
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the Meadows are moisten'd with Dew;
 Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you;
 We'll live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the soft Raptures no Mortal e'er knew;
 And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey.

SONG XXIX.

The QUEEN OF MAY.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

EVERY Nymph and Shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the Queen of May;
 Kiss for her Brows the Spring;
 Make her as the Season gay,
 Make her as the Season gay;

Teach

Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour;
 Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour,
 How to use the fleeting Hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
 With his Sweetness now delights:
 By his Side, the maiden Rose
 With her artless Blush invites,
 With her, &c.
 Such, so fragrant and so gay,
 Is the blooming Queen of May;
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 Soon he droops his languid Head:
 From the Rose her Purple flies,
 None inviting to her Bed,
 None, &c.
 Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the Queen of May;
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural Queen,
 By the Suffrage of the Swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal Green,
 In thy Shrine not long remains,
 In thy Shrine not long remains:
 Bless, then, quickly blest the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth;
 Bless, then, quickly blest the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

SONG XXX.

*The COUNTRY WEDDING.**Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.*

WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly young
Swain,

To a lovely Shepherdess, crossing the Plain ;
Why so much in haste ? (now the Month it was May)
Shall I venture to ask, fair Maiden, which Way ?
Then straight to this Question the Nymph did reply,
With a Smile on her Look and a Leer in her Eye,
I came from the Village, and homeward I go ;
And now, gentle Shepherd, pray why would you know ?

I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
If I tell the Reason of asking you this ;
I would see you safe home, (the Swain was in Love)
Of such a Companion if you would approve :
Your Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil, I own,
But see no great Danger in going alone ;
Nor yet can I hinder, the Road being free
For one as a another, for you or for me.

No Danger in going alone it is true,
But yet a Companion is pleasanter too ;
And if you could like (now the Swain he took Heart)
Such a Sweetheart as me, we never would part :
Oh ! that's a long Word, said the Shepherdess then ;
I've often heard say, there's no minding you Men ;
You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
'Then leave a young Maiden the first Thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the Shepherd reply'd,
'To prove what I say, I will make you my Bride ;

To-

To-morrow the Parson (well said little Swain)
 Shall join both our Hands, and make one of us twain :
 Then what the Nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
 The very next Morn to be sure they were wed :
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,
 Now when shall we see such a Wedding in Town ?

S O N G XXXI.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
 The Form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind ;
 Let the fair one I love have but Prudence in View,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true ;
 Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean ;
 Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mein,
 By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
 Nor indebted to Paint,—nor indebted to Paint,
 For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of the Sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
 For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest :
 May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit :
 Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan,
 And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever ;
 —I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G XXXII.

PUsh about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart,
 While thus we sit round on the Grass :
 The Lover, who talks of his Sufferings and Smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs,
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glafs,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs,
Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the Wealth to surpass;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home,
Claps the Horns of an Ox on the Afs,
Claps the Horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well-fronted with Brass,
Tho' he talk to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee,
There you, my good Friend, are the Afs,
There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Class;
The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Afs,
But Death, &c.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
By Turns take our Bottle and Laff,
For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

S O N G XXXIII.

WHEN first my fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mein,
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mein;
 The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a Lover, but cool as a Friend;
 From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move,
 And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love,
 And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own,
 Her Face, &c

Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear Virtue beam'd forth in her Mind:
 Still, still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and shew'd it was Love,
 Till a Sigh, &c.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her,
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, 'till his Heartstrings are ready to break;
 For Fear of offending forbids him to speak;
 And wanders a willing Example to prove,
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love,
 That Friendship, &c.

A Lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give Offence,
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense,
 Not a Dupe, &c.

His Passion not Wrinkles nor Age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And Time, that can Beauty's short Empire remove,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

S O N G

SONG XXXIV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass
this Way,

Crown'd with Myrtle, and all the gay Verdure of
May ?

'Tis my Shepherd, oh ! bring him once more to my
Eyes ;

From his Lucy, in search of new Pleasure, he flies :
All Day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,
In pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth my Pains,
In pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth my Pains.

Take Care, Maids take Care, when he flatters and
swears,

How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own
Ears :

Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand they'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of
Sight :

And, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
Pains,

She'll find him, &c.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind Look, or a tender Reply ;
Love, Honour, and Truth, were the Themes that
he sung,

And he swore that his Heart was a-kin to his
Tongue :

Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains,
And gave him, &c.

The

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Child at his Play,
 Soon the wanton grew weary, and threw it away :
 Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
 In search of another as silly as I ;
 But, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
 Pains,
 She'll find him, &c.

Beware, all ye Nymphs, how you sooth the fond
 Flame,
 And believe me in Time, all the Sex are the same ;
 Like Strephon, from Beauty to Beauty will range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change ;
 And do all we can, still this Maxim remains,
 That Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
 our Pains,
 That Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
 our Pains.

S O N G XXXV.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart ;
 For Examples move us never ;
 We must feel, to know the Smart :
 When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View ;
 Vanity, her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild deceitful Strain ;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :

But,

But, too soon, the happy Lover
Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive:
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe,
Foolish Woman to believe.

S O N G XXXVI.

In the Chaplet.

DAMON, PASTORA, LAURA.

D A M O N.

THREE Goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young Paris one Day;
Can I judge the Value of either,
Where both bear so equal a Sway?

P A S T O R A.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise:
I never was us'd to petition;
But prythee make use of your Eyes.

L A U R A.

No Merit I plead but my Passion;
'Twas needless to mention your Vow:
Respect, with a little Compassion,
On what this poor Bosom feels now.

D A M O N.

Some Genius direct me, or Damon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong:—
You're Part of the Goods of Palæmon; [To PAST.
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA.

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PASTORA.

I know that my Person is charming,
Beyond what a Clown can discover ;
That Dowdy your Senses alarming,
Proves what a dull Thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull Plains for the City,
Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit :
Your Taste, simple Damon, I pity :
Your Wit who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my Anger would smother :
The Loss of one Lover can't vex me :
My Charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd I assure you :
How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
I wish you much Joy of your Fury :
My Rage into Pieces could tear 'em !

DAMON.

Contented all Day I will set at your Side,
Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool Tide ;
And, while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no Danger I fear ;
Ye Lambs, rest in Safety, my Damon is near ;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may
please,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease,
For my Shepherd, &c.

D A M O N.

Ye Virgins of Britain, bright Rivals of Day,
 'The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay;
 Ne'er yield to the Swain 'till he make you a Wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for Life,
 For he who, &c.

L A U R A.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of the fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care;
 Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to defend,
 Nor betray, &c.

Both.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd,
 Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found:
 Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
 To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth,
 To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth.

S O N G XXXVII.

FAREWEL, my Pastora, no longer your Swain,
 Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chain:
 Nay, arm not your Brow with such haughty Disdain;
 My Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again:
 Sing tol derol derol,
 Derol tol lol derol lol lol;
 Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of May,
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
 How

How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day !
 Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play :
 Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore :
 She yields to Intreaty ; and, when the Fit's o'er,
 'Tis an hundred to ten that they never meet more :
 Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G XXXVIII.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my Glafs;
 But, to you Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own,
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare ;
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
 But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had Dimples and Smiles, I must own ;
 But tho' she could smile, yet, in Truth, she could frown :
 But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine ;

Her Lillies and Roses were just in their Prime ;
 Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by Time :
 But in Wine, from its Age, such a Benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my Love would in Time have been
 cloy'd,
 And that Beauty's insipid, when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I

Let Murders, and Battles, and History, prove
The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love :
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no Rival contends ;
For the more we love Liquor, the more we are Freinds.

She too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life,
With Nurfes, and Babies, and Squalling, and Strife :
But my Wine neither Nurfes nor Babies can bring ;
And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Day's when with Love we engage ;
It brings on Diseases, and hastens old Age :
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the
Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word,
She has left me, to get an Estate, or a Lord :
But my Bumper (regarding nor Title nor Pelf)
Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain :
For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy :
Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try.

S O N G XXXIX.

YE Medley of Mortals, that make up this Throng,
Spare your Wit for a Moment, and list to my
Song ;

What you would not expect here, my Wit shall be new,
And, what is more strange, ev'ry Word shall be true :
Sing Tantararara, Truth all, Truth all ;
Sing Tantararara, Truth all.

Not

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine ;
 Bring your Lasses to me, and you'll save all your Coin :
 The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill ;
 For, if they will hear me, their Tongues must lie still,
 Sing Tantararara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our Revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
 Yet they practise all Day what they seem to despise :
 Examine Mankind, from the great to the small,
 Each Mortal's disguis'd, and the World is a Ball :
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Parson, brimful of October and Grace,
 With a long taper Pipe, and a round rosy Face,
 Will rail at our Doings ;—but when it is dark,
 The Doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the Clerk :
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The fierce-roaring Blade, with long Sword and
 cock'd Hat,
 Who, with zounds ! he did this, and d's-blood !
 he'd do that,
 When he comes to his Trial, he fails in his Part,
 And proves that his Looks were but Masks to his
 Heart :
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Beau acts the Rake, and will talk of Amours,
 Shews Letters from Wives, and Appointments from
 Whores ;
 But a Creature so modest avoids all Disgrace ;
 For how would he blush, should he meet Face to Face !
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Courtiers and Patriots, 'mongst other fine Things,
 Will talk of their Country, and Love to their Kings ;
 E 2 But

But their Masks will drop off, if you shake but the Pelf,
And shew King and Country all center'd in Self:

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

With an Out-side of Virtue, Miss Squeamish the
Prude,

If you touch her, she faints; if you speak, you
are rude;

Thus she's prim, and she's coy, 'till her Blossoms
are gone,

And, when ~~she's~~ ~~by~~ the Coachman,
or John:

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

With a grave Mask of Wisdom, say Physic and Law,
In your Case there's no Fear, in your Cause there's
no Flaw:

Till Death and the Judge have decre'd they look big;
'Then you find you have trusted-- a full-bottom'd Wig:

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

Thus Life is no more than a Round of Deceit,
Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat;
But if, oh ye Mortals, these Tricks ye pursue,
You at last cheat yourselves,----and the Devil cheats
you:

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, Masks all;

Sing Tantararara, Masks all.

SONG XL.

The NONPAREIL. Set by Mr. Boyce.

THOU' Chloe's out of Fashion,
Can blush and be sincere,
I'd toast her in a Bumper,
If all the Belles were here:

What

What tho' no Di'monds sparkle
 About her Neck and Waist,
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 The lovely Maid is grac'd,
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 The lovely Maid is grac'd.

In modest plain Apparel,
 No Patches, Paint, or Airs,
 In Debt alone to Nature,
 An Angel she appears:
 From gay Coquets, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no Rules,
 Nor envies them their Conquests,
 The Hearts of all the Fools,
 Nor envies, &c.

Who wins her must have Merit,
 Such Merit as her own,
 The Graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not, she has one:
 Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
 The Gifts you most approve,
 And Chloe, charming Chloe!
 Will bless me with her Love;
 And Chloe, charming Chloe!
 Will bless me with her Love.

S O N G XLI.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
 Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
 To the Hills and the Wood-lands we steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS.

And all the Day long, this, this is our Song,
Still hollowing and following, so frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds while we're after the
Hounds;

No Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow!
While the Hills they all echo, hillo!
With a Bounce from the Covert he flies;
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies.
And all the Day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing Mountains sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel!
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

At Night, when our Labour is done,
Then we will go hollowing home,
With hollo, hollo, and huzza!
Resolving to meet the next Day.
And all the Day long, this, this is our Song,
Still hollowing and following, so frolick and free;
Our Joys knows no Bounds while we're after the
Hounds;
No Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.

SONG XLII.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery Main!
No Treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his Gain:

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We're Strangers to Party and Faction;
To Honour and Honesty true;
And would not commit a base Action
For Power or Profit in View.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
Or any such glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Go thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife:
When terrible Tempests assail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us;
But skilful Industry steers right.
Then why should we, &c.

The Courier's more subject to Dangers;
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, who, to Politics Strangers,
Escape the Snares laid for the great:
The various Blessings of Nature
In various Nations we try;
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live 'till we die.
Then why should we, &c.

S O N G XLIII.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, oh! tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since

Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate? Since I know 'tis in vain:
Yet, so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
At once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart,
At once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence I make my Love known:
But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love!
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name,
Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are the Charms!
How delightful Embraces! how peaceful her Arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield;
'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field:
To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield;
'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

S O N G XLIV.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of Life you may;
Life is short and wears away,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their Decline;

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Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear as short as one.

S O N G XLV.

MY fair, ye Swains, is gone astray ;
 The little Wand'rer lost her Way,
 In gath'ring Flow'rs the other Day :
 Poor Phillis, poo. Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.

Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the Plains ;
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind ;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find my
 My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming Form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
 But under Cover slightly press'd,
 In secret plays the little Breast
 Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah ! seize her, and bring home my Dear ;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
Is Phillis, &c.

Whose Teeth are like an iv'ry Row,
Whose skin is like the clearest Snow,
Whose Face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate ;
The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,
So just, exact, and so compleat,
As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

S O N G XLVI.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHAT beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
How closely yonder Vine
Does round that Elm's supporting Height
It's wanton Ringlets twine !
That Elm (no more a barren Shade)
Is with its Clusters crown'd ;
And that fair Vine without its Aid
Had crept along the Ground,
Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy Heart
Connubial Joys to prove ;
Yet mark what Care and Age impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on Love :

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Know thy own Bliss, and Joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.

While some with short-liv'd Passions glow,
 His Love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And cool his constant Flame :
 So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
 Deform the blooming Spring ;
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wonted Tribute bring,
 Their wonted Tribute bring.

S O N G XLVII.

The TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon Youth,
 Delighted in Wine that was good,
 Because in good Wine there was Truth ;
 But, growing as poor as was Job,
 Unable to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

HERACLITUS ne'er would deny
 A Bumper to cherish his Heart ;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his Quart :

The

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
 'Twas only his Custom to drink
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes,
 Till the Liquor, &c.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad
 To tittle, and cherish his Soul;
 Wou'd laugh, like a Man that was mad,
 When over a full flowing Bowl:
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And, when he was drunk as a Lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh,
 At them, &c.

Wife SOLON, who carefully gave
 Good Laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a Slave
 ('Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold,
 He delighted in plentiful Bowls;
 But, drinking, much Talk would decline;
 Because 'twas the Custom of Fools
 To prattle much over their Wine,
 To prattle, &c.

Old SOCRATES ne'er was content,
 Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
 Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
 Late Hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made Wine the Delight of his Life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable Scold of a Wife,
 Such a damnable, &c.

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THEOPHRASTUS, that eloquent Sage,
 By Athens so greatly ador'd,
 With a Bottle would boldly engage;
 When mellow, was brisk as a Bird;
 Would chat, tell a Story, and jest,
 Most pleasantly over a Glas,
 And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast
 But a dull philosophical Afs,
 But a dull, &c.

Grave SENECA, fam'd for his Parts,
 Who tutor'd the Bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his Cups and his Quarts,
 Which he drank like a Miser at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd Wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret,
 So fancy'd, &c.

PYTHAG'RAS did Silence enjoin
 On his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,
 Because that he tippled good Wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful Bowls,
 By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown
 He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls,
 He conceiv'd, &c.

COPERNICUS too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the best
 Made Reason the better to shine:

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 And made his Philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel,
 Turn'd round, &c.

ANAXARCHUS, more patient than Job,
 By Pestles was pounded to Death ;
 Yet scorn'd that a Groan or a Sob
 Should waste the Remains of his Breath :
 But sure he was free with his Glass,
 And drank to a Pitch of Disdain,
 Or the Strength of his Wisdom, alas !
 I fear would have flinch'd with the Pain,
 I fear, &c.

ARISTOTLE, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his Parts
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
 His Belly, most Writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering Trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough,
 Because, &c.

When PYRRO had taken a Glass,
 He saw that no Object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his Beard ;
 For Things running round in his Drink,
 Which sober, he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the Sceptic to think
 There was nothing of Truth to be found,
 There was, &c.

Old PLATO was reckon'd divine ;
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known :
 By Wine we are generous made ;
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings ;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings ;
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G XLVIII.

HOW happy a State does a Miller possess,
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less !
 On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court :
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go ?
 The more he's bepowder'd the more like a Beau :
 A Clown in his Dress may be honefter far
 'Than a Courtier who struts with his Garter and Star,
 Than a Courtier who struts with his Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The Hands of his Betters are not very clean :
 A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal :
 Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal :
 What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks ?
 In this of right noble Example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other Men's Baggs,
 Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,
 In this too he'd mimic the Tools of the State,
 Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
 As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill :

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy's a Miller, then who'd be a King ?
If so happy's a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

S O N G XLIX.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous Passion,
Source of all sublime Delights,
Which with mutual Inclination
Two fond Hearts in one unites,
Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content ?
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passion brings Vexation ;
But a chaste and constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the blissful State above,
Of the blissful State above.

S O N G L.

STELLA and Flavia, ev'ry Hour,
Do various Hearts surprize ;
In Stella's Soul is all her Pow'r,
And Flavia's in her Eyes :
More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella,

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Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Land's :
 Like eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands :
 Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store ;
 Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease
 Will give to Stella more.

S O N G I I.

A L L in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my True-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your Crew ?

William, who high upon the Yard
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below ;
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her Nest :
 The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
 My Vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me wipe off that falling Tear ;
 We only part to meet again :

Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;
They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's Coast we sail,
Thine Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright ;
Thy Breath is Afric's spicy Gale ;
Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul some Charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the Bullets that round me fly,
Lest precious Tears should drop from Susan's Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on Board ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head :
Her leis'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land ;
Adieu, she cry'd, and wav'd her lily Hand.

S O N G LII.

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning
does peep ;
Why, how now, you sluggardly Sot!

How

How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on Horseback are got,
My brave Boys?
While we all on Horseback are got.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head;
Besides, my Wife cries, my Dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in Bed,
My dear Boy;
But cuddle me longer in Bed.

Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer Delay;
The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the Hare,
Will chase all dull Vapours away,
My brave Boys;
Will chase all dull Vapours away.

S O N G LIII.

YE Mortals, whom Fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex;
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
Obey the glad Summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with Passion enjoy'd:
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day:
 Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

S O N G L I V .

YOU may say what you will, but Belinda's too tall,
 And Stella's all Bone, and her Shape is too small;
 Dear Chloe's my Wish, tho' extensive her Charms,
 Tho' the Front of her Stays is too wide for my Arms.

'Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little Dear,
 And Zephyrs spring Odours when Lucy is near;
 But Chloe's all Sweetness, by Nature design'd,
 We might call her an Hoghead of double-refin'd.
 When she dances, then leaps my fond Heart like a Frog;
 When with Raptures I press her, I'm lost in a Fog;
 I beg for a Kiss, while my Vows I renew,
 And imbibe half a Pint of ambrosial Dew.

She frequently mentions young Strephon the Beau;
 But why should I reckon my Rival a Foe?
 E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me Pain:
 We both shall find more than our Arms will contain.

I've oft overheard the ill-natur'd Expression,
 That Beauty, so bulky, must pall in Possession:
 In his Notion the Critic is surely misled;
 Love's Flame by her Fat will be constantly fed.

Some

Some Nymphs have angelical Sweetness and Grace;
 But Chloë has rather a Cherubim's Face;
 She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and free,
 And only gives Pain when she sits on my Knee.

I start not, as tim'rous Fribbles have done,
 At the Substance of three or four Females in one;
 First balance her Weight with his Majesty's Coin,
 'Then let the dear pond'rous Charmer be mine.

S O N G L V.

'T WAS when the Seas were roaring
 With hollow Blasts of Wind,
 A Damsel lay deploring,
 All on a Rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the rowling Billows
 She cast a wishful Look;
 Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
 That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious Days,
 Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
 Why didst thou trust the Seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
 And let my Lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
 To that within my Breast?

The Merchant, rob'd of Pleasure,
 Views Tempests in Despair;
 But what's the Loss of Treasure
 To losing of my Dear!

Should

Should you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes the Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
Repaid each Blast with sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er the white Waves stooping,
His floating Corps she spy'd,
Then, like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

S O N G LVI.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay
Plains,
Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strains;
Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such Blifs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmy and mildly resigns me to Death.

She

She calls
She smiles
A Bosom
Inspires

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She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies,
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs :
 A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
 Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears,
 Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears :
 When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
 My trembling Lips bless her, in spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
 I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in Peace ; may she ever do so,
 And only, when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire :
 Hush all thy complaining ; and, dying her Slave,
 Commend her to Heav'n, thyself to the Grave.

S O N G LVII.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

BY a prattling Stream, on a Midsummer's Eve,
 Where Woodbines and Jess'mine their Bows
 interweave ;

Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my Arbour repair :
 I must have a Chaplet for sweet William's Hair,
 I must have a Chaplet for sweet William's Hair.

She brought me the Vi'let that grows on the Hill,
 The vale-dwelling Lilly, and gilded Jonquil ;
 But such languid Odours how could I approve,
 Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love ?
 Just warm, &c.

She

She brought me, his Faith and his Truth to display,
 The undying Myrtle, and ever-green Bay;
 But why these to me, who've his Constancy known?
 And Billy has Laurels enough of his own,
 And Billy, &c.

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn,
 For she brought me two Roses that grew on a Stem;
 Of the dear nuptial Tye they stood Emblems confest;
 So I kifs'd them, and press'd them quite close to my
 Breast,
 So I kifs'd them, &c.

She brought me a Sun-flow'r; — This, fair-one, 's
 your Due;
 For it once was a Maiden, and Love-sick, like you:
 O give it me quick; to my Shepherd I'll run,
 As true to his Flame as this Flow'r to her Sun,
 As true to his Flame as this Flow'r to her Sun.

S O N G LVIII.

FAIR is the Swan, the Ermine white.
 And fair the Lilly of the Vale;
 The Moon, resplendent Queen of Night,
 And Snows that drive before the Gale:
 In Fairness these the rest excel;
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the V'ilet, sweet the Rose,
 And sweet the Morning Breath of May;
 Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,
 And the sweet winding Woobines stray:
 In Sweetness these the rest excel;
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

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Constant the Poets call the Dove,
 And am'rous they the Sparrow call;
 Fond is the Sky-lark of his Love,
 And fond the feather'd Lovers all:
 In Fondness these the rest excel;
 But fonder I of Isabel.

S O N G LIX.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's
 Food,
 It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood:
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good:
O the Roast Beef of Old England!
And Old English Roast Beef!

But, since we have learnt from all-conquering France
 To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing—but vain Complaisance:
O the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open House with good Chear all Day long,
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song:
O the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
 A sneaking poor Race, half-begotten,—and tame,
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame:
O the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, or Tea, or such Slip-slops were known,
 The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown:
O the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again ;
As Witnesses, the vaunting Armada of Spain :
O the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when Wrongs were a cooking, to do them-
selves Right ;
But now we're a ----- I could—but good Night :
*O the Roast Beef of Old England !
And Old English Roast Beef.*

S O N G LX.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye Sweets of blooming May ;
How should empty Sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away ?
While Lotharia keeps away ?

Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me ;
Shade, ye Clouds, the smiling Sky :
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me ;
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.

S O N G LXI.

SWEET NAN OF THE VALE.

IN a small pleasant Village, by Nature compleat,
Of a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat,
Therē liv'd a young Lass, of so lovely a Mein
As seldom at Balls or at Court can be seen :

The

The sweet Damask Rose was full-blown on her Cheek,
 The Lilly display'd all its white on her Neck;
 The Lads of the Village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her, in Raptures, sweet Nan of the Vale,
 Sweet Nan of the Vale, sweet Nan of the Vale;
 And call'd her, in Raptures, sweet Nan of the Vale.

First young Hodge spoke his Passion, 'till quite out
 of Breath,
 Crying, wounds, he cou'd hug her and kiss her to
 Death;

And Dick with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
 That he loathed his Food, and abandon'd his Rest:
 But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,
 So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear,
 And said no such Boobies cou'd tell a Love Tale,
 Or bring to Compliance sweet Nan of the Vale,
 Or bring to Compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.

'Till young Roger, the smartest of all the gay Green,
 Who lately to London on a Frolic had been,
 Came home much improv'd in his Air and Address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success:
 He said Heav'n form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd;
 And press'd her so closely she could not resist,
 And shew'd the dull Swains the right Way to assail,
 And brought to his Wishes sweet Nan of the Vale,
 And brought to his Wishes sweet Nan of the Vale.

S O N G LXII.

WHAT care I for Affairs of State?
 Or who is rich, or who is great?
 How far abroad th' ambitious roam,
 To bring our Gold or Silver home?

What is't to me, if France or Spain
Consent to Peace, or War maintain ?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibraltar ;
But mind the Cardinal no more
'Than any other scarlet Whore :
Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Health and Rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh ! let me keep
My Liberty and feed my Sheep :
A shady Walk, well lin'd with Trees ;
A Garden, with a Range of Bees ;
An Orchard, which good Apples bears,
'Where Spring a long green Mantle wears :

Where Winters never are severe ;
Good Barley-lands, to make good Beer ;
With Entertainment for a Friend ;
'To spend in Peace my latter End
In Honesty, and home-spun grey ;
And let the Ev'ning crown the Day.

S O N G LXIII.

IS there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,
To ease a wounded Breast ;
Thro' Reason's Glass to look at Love,
To wish, and yet to rest ?
Let Wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
An Empire o'er the Mind ;
'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,
And triumphs o'er Mankind,
And triumphs o'er Mankind.

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Thrice-happy Birds, who on the Spray
 Unartful Notes prolong,
 Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
 And yield to pow'rful Song :
 By Nature fierce, without Controul,
 The human Savage ran ;
 'Till Verse refin'd the stubborn Soul,
 And civiliz'd the Man,
 And civiliz'd the Man.

Verse turns aside the Tyrant's Rage,
 And cheers the drooping Slave ;
 It wins a Smile from heavy Age,
 And disappoints the Grave :
 The Force of Numbers must succeed,
 And sooth each other Ear ;
 Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here,
 He'd find a Daphne here.

Did Heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched Race ;
 Say, must we all the Heart accuse,
 And yet approve the Face ?
 Thus, in the Sun, be-drop'd with Gold,
 The basking Adder lies ;
 The Swain admires each shining Fold,
 Then grasps the Snake, and dies,
 Then grasps the Snake, and dies.

S O N G LXIV.

SILVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Stranger to the Joys of Love ?
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
 Ev'ry Minute to improve :

Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton Girls and Boys
 Sweetly founding in thy Ear,
 Sweetly founding in thy Ear,
 Infants Prate and Mother's Joys ?

Only view that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate ;
 As a further Proof of Love,
 See her for his Kisses wait :
 Hark ! that charming Nightingale,
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth Part,
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart :
 Then, repenting, would'st thou say,
 Virgin Fears, from hence remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

S O N G L X V.

L E T Ambition fire the Mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet ;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in circling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

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Let not Toils of Empire fright ;
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know Delight ;
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G L X V I .

C O L I N ' S C O M P L A I N T .

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond Measure
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an Old-Age of Pain :
 Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine, of Love :
 And, tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder ;
 He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd ;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :

Together

Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And, at Night, when old Darby's Pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother ;
 Then what are those Charms, can you guess,
 That makes them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments that Love did bestow :
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth
 Are the best of all Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 Which Sicknes nor Time can remove ;
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,]
 A Friendship insensibly grows,
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these ;
 The Current of Fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid Old-Age cannot freeze.

S O N G LXVII.

GREENWOOD HALL: Or, Colin's Description (to
 his Wife) of Vauxhall.

O MARY ! soft in Feature !
 I've been at dear Vauxhall ;
 No Paradise is sweeter,
 Not that they Eden call :
 At Night such new Vagaries,
 Such gay and harmless Sport,
 All look'd like giant Fairies,
 And this their Monarch's Court.

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Methought, when first I enter'd,
 Such Splendor round me shone,
 Into a World I ventur'd,
 Where rose another Sun;
 Whilst Music, never cloying,
 As Sky-larks sweet I hear;
 The Sounds I'm still enjoying;
 They'll always sooth my Ear.

Here Paintings, sweetly glowing,
 Where-e'er our Glances fall;
 Here Colours, Life bestowing,
 Bedeck this Greenwood Hall:
 The King there dubs a Farmer;
 There John his Doxey loves;
 But my Delight's the Charmer
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves *.

As, still amaz'd, I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove,
 I spy a Harper † playing
 All in his proud Alcove:
 I doff my Hat, desiring
 He'd tune up buxom Joan,
 But what was I admiring?
 Adzooks, a Man of Stone.

But now, the Tables spreading,
 They all fall to with Glee;
 Not e'en at 'squire's fine Wedding
 Such Dainties did I see:

I long'd

* Alluding to three Pictures in the Pavillions, viz. The King and Miller of Mansfield, the Sailor in a Tippling-house in Wapping, and the Girl who is stealing a Kiss from the sleeping Gentleman.

† Mr. Handel's Statue.

I long'd (poor starveling Rover) ;
But none heed Country Elves ;
These Folk, with Lace daub'd over,
Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'mid Joy abounding,
As Grasshoppers they're gay ;
At Distance, Crowds surrounding
The Lady of the May † :
The Man i' th' Moon peep'd slyly,
Soft twinkling thro' the Trees,
As tho' twou'd please him highly
To taste Delights like these.

S O N G LXVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

SURE a Lass in her Bloom at the Age of Nineteen,
Was ne'er so distrest as of late I have been ;
I know not I vow any Harm I have done,
But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun,
But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a Pity a Girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ;
With Ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my Heart it loves Frolick too well for a Nun.
And my Heart, &c.

To hear the Men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand Times better to me I declare ;
I can

† Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, sitting under
a splendid Pavillion.

I can keep
Nay beside
Nay beside

Not to lov
Nor yield
To live o
Nay I foot
Nay I foot

Perhaps,
I'm sure
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I can keep my self chaste, nor by Wiles be undone ;
 Nay besides I'm to handsome, I think for a Nun.
 Nay besides, &c.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent to, one cannot tell where ;
 To live or to die in this Case were all one,
 Nay I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a Nun.
 Nay I sooner, &c.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, she threatens me so,
 I'm sure, was she me, she wou'd stoutly say no ;
 But, if she's in Earnest, I from her will run,
 And be married, in Spite, that I may'nt be a Nun.
 And be married, in Spite, that I may'nt be a Nun.

SONG LXIX.

COLLIN and PHILLIS, a Dialogue.

He. **D**EAR Phillis, sweet Girl, be now kind to
 my Pain,
 Nor suffer me longer to court you in vain.
 And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
 And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
 And I'll love, &c.

She. Ah ! Collin, my Heart was about to comply,
 But what my Heart wishes, my Fears will deny :
 I can never be yours.

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I can never be yours.

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I ne'er can be yours.

He: Fie,

He. Fie, Phillis, how can you still trifle with Love ;
 Away with your Fears, and my Passion approve.
 When I tell you, I love you for ever,
 When I tell you, I love you for ever,
 When I tell you, &c.

She. Fie, Collin, how can you still tease me in vain,
 When I told you before, and I tell you again ;
 I can never be yours,

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I can never be yours :

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I ne'er can be yours.

He. Then adieu to all Joy, my Heart will sure break,
 If my Phillis denies what I fondly did seek.

I can never be happy, no never,

I can never be happy, no never,

I can never, &c.

She. Then away with my Doubts, I can fondly believe,
 That Collin his Phillis, will never deceive.
 That Collin will love me.

He. For ever.

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never !

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never, no never, will leave you.

S O N G LXX.

The MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, Neighbours, your Work, and to sport
 and to play,

Let the Tabor strike up and the Village be gay ;

Let the Tabor strike up and the Village be gay.

No Day thro' the Year shall more chearful be seen,
 For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green;
 For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the Wind blows,
 And while the Mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let Lords and fine Folks, who for Wealth take a Bride,
 Be married To-day, and To-morrow be cloy'd ;
 Be married, &c.
 My Body is stout, and my Heart is as sound,
 And my Lovelike my Courage will never give Ground,
 I love Sue, &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best Bidder to Bed ;
 And prudently, &c.
 Such signing and sealing's no Part of our Bliss.
 We settle our Hearts, and we seal with a Kiss.
 I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your Beaus,
 Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine Cloaths;
 Nor bounces, &c.
 In nothing he'll borrow from Folks of high Life,
 Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend, or his Wife.
 I love Sue, &c

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
 While thus thou art kind, and thy Tongue but lies still;
 While thus, &c.
 Our Joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
 I love Sue, &c.

S O N G LXXI.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond Eyes,
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow ;
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow :
 Well, what if they do, there's no Harm sure, she cries?
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kifs,
 Say, wou'd you the Favour bestow ;
 Say, wou'd you the Favour bestow :
 Lord blefs me, said she, what a Question is this ?
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know,

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow ;
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow :
 Suppose what you will, she replied as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go ;
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go :
 No, no, with a Blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know ;
 I could not deny you, you know.

SONG LXXII.

The WHEEL-BARROW. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS Porter Will, alone St. Paul's did move,
 Deprest with weigh y Load, but more by Love;
 By Chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
 Crying her fine Heart-Cherries, round and found:
 Will, joyous Instant pitch'd; then strait caress'd her,
 And leaning o'er her Barrow thus address'd her.

AIR.

Thy Lips are Cherries, sweeter far
 Than those which in the Barrow are,
 Than those which in the Barrow are;
 With such a Store of Charms, 'tis well
 You may have stolen Hearts to sell,
 You may have stolen Hearts to sell:
 Mine, dear Cerissa, too, you know
 You stole it from me long ago;
 And now I stoop, to ask of thee,
 To give it back, or marry me.

RECITATIVE.

Cerissa, archly leering as he spake,
 While all the Cherry blush'd upon her Cheek,
 The mellowest Fruit, unnotic'd cull'd apace,
 And sent like Thunder at his doleful Face;
 Then grasp'd her Barrow, trundled soft along,
 And, looking round at Will, triumphant sung:

AIR.

Shall I, possess of all these Charms,
 Sleep nightly in a Porter's Arms?
 M'ambitious Soul detests such Scum,
 And sighs for Conquests yet to come:

Fair Youths my w'reign Power shall feel,
 Ten thousand Hearts I'll daily steal;
 And beauteous Nymphs shall envious see,
 Crown'd Heads and Dukes submit to me.

S O N G * LXXIII.

The DUST-CART. A favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom the Streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
 In Dust-Cart high advanc'd, the Nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich Cinders round her lovely waist.
 Tom with uplifted Hands th' Occasion blest;
 And thus, in soothing Strains, the Maid address.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your Cart,
 To pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts,
 You take our Dust, and steal our Hearts:
 That mine is gone, alas! is true,
 And dwells among the Dust with you,
 And dwells among the Dust with you:
 Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my Pain;
 Give me my Heart you stole again.
 Give me my Heart, out of your Cart;
 Give me my Heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the Rabble Rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about!
 She heav'd her swelling Breast, as black as Sloe,
 And look'd Disdain on little Folks below:
 To Tom she nodded, as the Cart drew on,
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop, John.

AIR.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry Crowd oppress :
 Ambition now my Soul does fire,
 The Youths shall languish and admire :
 And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart,
 Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart :
 And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart,
 Shall long to ride in my Dust Cart.

S O N G LXXIV.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd, and
 England once more,
 Shall flourish in Fame, as she flourish'd before ;
 Our Fears all are fled, with our Enemies slain,
 Cou'd they rise up anew, we wou'd slay them again,
 Cou'd they rise up anew, we wou'd slay them again.

His Monarch to serve, or to do himself right,
 No Englishman yet, ever flinch'd from the Fight ;
 For why ! Neighbours all, we are free as the King,
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing,
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing.

Our Prince too, for this may be thankful to Fate,
 It is in our Freedom, he finds himself great :
 No Force can be wanting, nor meaner Court Arts,
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts,
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts.

Should Rebels within, or should Foes from without,
 Bring the Crown on his Head, or his Honour in doubt :
 We are ready—still ready—and boldly foretell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the Crown of our Labour,
Much Wine, and good Cheer, with the Pipe and
the Tabor :

Let our Nymphs all be kind, and our Shepherds
be gay,

For England, Old England, is happy To-day,

For England, Old England, is happy To-day.

S O N G LXXV.

WOULD you in her you love be blest,
Ye Lovers, these Instructions mind ;
Conceal the Passion in your Breast,
Be dumb, insensible, and blind :
But if with gentle Looks you meet,
And see the artless Blushes rise ;
Be silent, loving, and discreet,
The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,
Where Virtue is with Beauty join'd ;
Then boldly like yourselves appear,
No more insensible or blind :
Pour forth the Transports of your Heart,
And speak your Soul without Disguise ;
'Tis Fondness, Fondness, must impart,
The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the Snare,
'That still entraps all Womankind ;
Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
Be deaf, insensible, and blind :
But shou'd some fond deserving Youth,
Agree to join in Hymen's Ties ;
Be tender, constant, crown his Truth,
The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G

S O N G LXXVI.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
 Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for in Song;
 He went one May-morning to meet in the Grove,
 By her own dear Appointment this Goddess of Love;
 Mean while in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each ; can a Lover do more ?

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
 'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain,
 The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
 And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd down-
 right,
 'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change ; can a Lover do more ?

Cleora, it hap'd, was by Accident there ;
 No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair ;
 He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd,
 Nor would she deny him ; so civil the Maid !
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryllis was thought of no more.

S O N G LXXVII.

WHEN e'er I meet my Celia's Eyes,
 Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
 My Feet forget to move,
 My Feet forget to move :
 She too reclines her lovely Head,
 Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread,
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this is mutual Love !

My

My beating Heart is wrapt in Blifs,
 Whene'er I steal a tender Kifs,
 Beneath the ſilent Grove ;
 Beneath, &c.

She ſtrives to frown, and puts me by,
 Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye,
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this, &c.

And once, oh ! once, the deareſt Maid,
 As on her Breſt my Head was laid,
 Some ſecret Impulſe drove ;
 Some, &c.

Me, me, her gentle Arms careſt,
 And to her Boſom cloſely preſt,
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this, &c.

And now tranſported with her Charms,
 A ſoft Deſire my Boſom warms,
 Forbidden Joys to prove ;
 Forbidden, &c.

Trembling for fear ſhe ſhould comply,
 She from my Arms prepares to fly,
 Tho' warm'd with mutual Love !
) Tho' warm'd, &c.

Oh ſtay ! I cry'd,—let Hymen's Bands,
 This Moment tie our willing Hands,
 And all thy Fears remove ;
 And all thy Fears remove ;
 A modeſt Bluſh Conſent expreſs'd,
 And now we live ſupremely bleſt,
 A Life of mutual Love !
 A Life of mutual Love !

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SONG LXXVIII.

JENNY of the GREEN.

WHILE others strip the new fall'n Snóws,
 And steal it's Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Musick's Pow'rs too weak to paint,
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Themo,
 And told my Tale unseen;
 While faithful in the Lover's Cause;
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause,
 To Jenny of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
 When deck'd in all the Pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan Scene;
 Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
 On me she casts her partial Eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
 The Fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy Land of Love
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
 The Pride of gay Fifteen;

Though

Though now she treads some distant Plain,
 Though far apart, I'll meet again
 My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd Night
 That brings her back with speedy Flight,
 Melt down the Hours between ;
 And when we meet, the Loss repay,
 On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
 With Jenny of the Green.

S O N G LXXIX.

OF all my Experience, how vast the Amount,
 Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count ;
 Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live all those Years, and yet still be a Maid ;
 To live all those Years, and yet still be a Maid.

Ye Heroes triumphant, by Land and by Sea,
 Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me ;
 Of Prowess approv'd, of no Danger afraid,
 Will you stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid ;
 Will you stand, &c.

Ye Counsellors sage, who have eloquent Tongues,
 Can do what you please, both with Right and with
 Wrong ;
 Can it be by Law, or by Equity said,
 That a comely young Girl ought to die an old Maid ;
 That a comely, &c.

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill,
 Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill ;

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To a poor forlorn Damfel contribute your Aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a Maid ;
 Who is sick, &c.

Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song,
 You answer no End, and to no Sex belong ;
 Ye Echo of Echos, and Shadow of Shades,
 For if I had you, I might still be a Maid ;
 For if I had you, I might still be a Maid ;

S O N G LXXX.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each Lad with his Lafs hither come,
 With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home :
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store,
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land ;
 Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
 His Cann and his Lafs in his Hand :
 For Ceres, &c.

No Courtier can be, so happy as we,
 In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth,
 While thus we carouse, with our Sweetheart or Spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth :
 When Ceres bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

SONG LXXXI.

A favourite CANTATA.

WHO'll buy a Heart, Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton Eyes;
 An easy Shape, a graceful Air,
 A Face, like lovely Hebe's, fair :
 A Pair of Eyes that wound at Sight,
 And foil the Diamonds piercing Light ;
 Come hither ye that long to prove,
 The Soul enchanting Joys of Love,
 Come, quickly come, for he
 Buys, that bids the most for me :
 But let no sordid Wretch presume,
 With even Cræsus' Wealth to come,
 Nor vainly hope for Gems, or Gold,
 Such Charms as these can ne'er be sold ;
 So vile a Change I scorn to make,
 For Love's the only Coin I take.

SONG LXXXII.

WHEN Phœbus the Tops of the Hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn ;
 When the antling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
 Erecting his Ears nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground ;
 And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain,
 But still we pursue, and now come in View of the
 glorious Game :
 O see, how again, he rears up his Head,
 And winged with Fear, he redoubles his Speed :

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But oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose the
 Cries :
 For now his Strength fails him he heavily flies,
 And he pants 'till with well-scented Hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.

S O N G LXXXIII.

NO more for another my Bosom should glow,
 If Daphne would hear me and pity my Woe ;
 A fond Tale of Love I'd in Raptures repeat,
 What my Heart can't express that my Eyes should
 intreat.

But ah ! by what Fancies we Lovers are led,
 To Pleasures as great as the Pain that I dread ;
 Still I fear I must suffer and languish for you,
 Tho' hopeless my Passion, still love and be true.

When absent from thee still thy Image appears,
 What to my Eye's wanting my Thought still repairs ;
 If 'tis possible Beauty like your's can receive,
 From adoring Addition that Daphne I give.

Wou'd you thro' Compassion but soften my Care,
 And I the fond Transports (regarded) should share ;
 What Swain then, my Daphne, such Pleasures cou'd
 prove ?
 From the Depth of Despair, to the Height of true
 Love.

S O N G LXXXIV.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant Plains,
 With Sally can compare ;
 She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
 And rivals all the fair :
 The Beams of Sol delight and chear,
 While Summer's Season roll ;
 But Sally's Smiles can all the Year
 Give Pleasure to the Soul,
 Give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray,
 Illumes the World below ;
 Her Prefence bids the God of Day,
 With Emulation glow :
 Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
 Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;
 The playful Lambkins skip around,
 And hail the Sister fair,
 And hail, &c.

The Lark but strains his livid Throat,
 To bid the Maid rejoice ;
 And mimicks, while he swells his Note,
 The Sweetness of her Voice :
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume ;
 And every Flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom,
 I but, &c.

The am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
 From Morn to Eve their Tale ;
 Her Beauty and unspotted Fame
 Make vocal every Vale :

The

The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
 Her echo'd Name conveys ;
 And every Voice, and every Reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's Praise,
 Is tun'd, &c.

No more shall blithsome Lads and Swain,
 To mirthful Wake resort ;
 Nor every May-morn on the Plain,
 Advance in rural Sport :
 No more shall gush the purling Rill,
 Nor Musick wake the Grove,
 Nor Flocks look snow-like on the Hill,
 When I forget to love,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G LXXXV.

HOW blith was I each Morn to see,
 My Swain come o'er the Hill ;
 He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me,
 I met him with good Will :
 I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 When his Flocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day :
 Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
 Where lost was my Repose,
 I wish I was with my dear Swain
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,
 The Birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy Flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody:

While thus we spent our Times by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay :
Oh ! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be ;
He stole my Heart, cou'd I refuse,
Whate'er he ask'd of me :
Hard Fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born :
Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
Where lost was my Repose,
I wish I was with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and his Ewes.

S O N G LXXXVI.

ASK if yon Damask Rose is sweet
That scents the ambient Air ;
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the Vulture quit his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove ;
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
Let Pride in Splendor shine ;
Ye Bards unenvied Laurels wear,
Be fair Sufanna mine.

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S O N G LXXXVII.

SURE Sally is the loveliest Lass,
 That e'er gave Shepherd Glee ;
 Not May-Day in it's Morning Drefs,
 Is half so fair as she :
 Let Poets paint the Paphian Queen,
 And fancied Forms adore ;
 Ye Bards had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's Hill,
 Where Bees their Honey sip,
 Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
 On Sally's Love taught Lip :
 But, ah ! take heed ye tuneful Swains,
 The ripe Temptation shun ;
 Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 And Lark-like hail'd the Morn ;
 More sportive than the Kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn :
 To ev'ry Maid Love-tales I told,
 And did my Truth aver ;
 Yet e'er the parting Kifs was cold
 I laugh'd at Love and Her.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where Love-lorn Shepherds stray ;
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away :

Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
No Dawn of Hope I see;
For Sally's pleas'd with my Complaints,
And laughs at Love and me.

Since these my poor neglected Lambs,
So late my only Care;
Have lost their tender fleecy Dams,
And stray'd I know not where;
Alas! my Ewes, in vain ye bleat,
My Lambkins lost, adieu;
No more we on the Plains shall meet,
For lost's your Shepherd too.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

He. COME, come, my dear Nymph, now all
Nature looks gay,
Now Birds sweetly whistle, and Lambs sweetly
play;
To yonder cool Shade let us quickly retire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can in-
spire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can in-
spire.

She. Good Sir, not so hasty, we innocent Maids,
Too oft are deceiv'd by you arch LondonBlades;
How many poor Damsels deluded by you,
Are forc'd ever after, their Folly to rue,
Are forc'd, &c.

He. Oh think not, my fairest, so meanly of me,
No Harm on my Honour, shall happen to thee;
Here's

Here's Gold that buys all Things, and Silver
 good Store,
 And when that is gone I'll supply thee with more,
 And when, &c.

She. I'll trust not your Honour, your Gold I despise,
 My Virtue, above all Temptation I prize ;
 Tho' poor I am honest, I'm not to be sold,
 So pray take away yourself and your Gold,
 So pray, &c.

He. I'll take thee to London, and deck thee so fine,
 That thou shalt the greatest of Ladies outshine ;
 And ride in thy Coach to the Park and the Play,
 All glitt'ring with Diamonds, out-sparkling the
 Day,
 All glitt'ring, &c.

She. No, Sir, I abhor such a scandalous Life,
 I'll be no Mortal's Miss, but some honest Man's
 Wife ;
 So pray, Sir, return to the Place whence you
 came,
 For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my
 Fame,
 For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my
 Fame.

S O N G LXXXIX.

WH O has e'er been at Baldock must needs
 know the Mill,
 At the Sign of the Horse at the Foot of the Hill ;
 Where the grave and the gay, the Clown and the Beau,
 Without all Distinction promiscuously go ;
 Where the grave and the gay, the Clown and the Beau,
 Without all Distinction promiscuously go.

This

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a Shape, and so winning an Air;
 That once on the ever-green Bank as I stood,
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the Flood.
 That once, &c.

But looking again I perceiv'd my Mistake,
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the Look of a Rake;
 While nothing but Virtue, and Modesty fill,
 The more beautiful Looks of the Lads of the Mill.
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets all say,
 To enliven that Mass which he modell'd of Clay;
 Had Polly been with him, the Beams of her Eyes
 Had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies.
 Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear Lads of the Mill,
 I can ne'er be at Quiet; but do what I will,
 All Day and all Night, I sigh and think still
 I shall die, if I have not the Lads of the Mill:
 All Day and all Night, I sigh and think still
 I shall die, if I have not the Lads of the Mill.

S O N G X C.

YOUNG Strephon a Shepherd, the Pride of
 the Plain,

Each Day is attempting my Kindness to gain:
 He takes all Occasions his Flame to renew;
 I always reply, that his courting won't do.

He spares no rich Presents to make me more kind,
 And exhausts in my Praise all the Wit of his Mind;
 I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go,
 He asks me so oft, 'till I rudely say no.

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To Thyrsis, last Valentine's Day, the dear Youth,
 I tell him I plighted my Faith and my Truth,
 'That Wealth cannot Peace and Contentment bestow,
 And my Heart is another's, so beg he will go.

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,
 And the Heart that is honest can never be sold :
 That I sigh not for Grandeur, but look down on Shew;
 And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him no.

He hears me, and trembling all over, replies,
 If his Suit I prefer not, he instantly dies ;
 He gives me his Hand, and wou'd force me to go ;
 I pity his Suff'ring, but boldly say no.

I try to avoid him in Hopes of sweet Peace,
 He haunts me each Moment to make me say, yes ;
 But, To-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go,
 And trust me, at Church, that I will not say, no.

S O N G XCI.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's Air,
 Like sunny Beams his golden Hair ;
 His Voice was like the Nightingale's,
 More sweet his Breath than flow'ry Vales :
 How hard such Beauties to resign,
 And yet that cruel Task is mine :
 How hard such Beauties to resign,
 And yet that cruel Task is mine.

AIR.

On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream ;

Dear

Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn and Damon is my Theme :
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain :
 The Hills, &c.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Mountains please no more,
 Each Flow'r in Pity drops it's Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain :
 All, all, &c.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung ;
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung :
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain :
 But Damon, &c.

Now thro' the winding Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade ;
 I weep and kiss the bended Grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd :
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

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S O N G X C I I .

WITH early Horn salute the Morn,
 Thar gilds this charming Place ;
 With chearful Cries,
 Bids Echo rise,
 And join the jovial Cha - - - - ce,
 And join the jovial Chace.

The vocal Hills around,
 The waving Woods,
 The chrystal Floods,
 All return their livening Sounds.

S O N G X C I I I .

YOUNG Collin was the bonniest Swain,
 That ever pip'd on flowery Plain,
 Or danc'd upon the Lee ;
 The wanton Kid in gamesome Bound,
 That frolicks o'er the turfy Ground,
 Was not so blyth as he.

Beneath the Oak in yonder Dale,
 You'd think you heard the Nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his Voice ;
 But ah ! the Youth was all Deceit,
 His Vows, his Oaths, were all a Cheat,
 And Choice succeeded Choice.

The Maiden sung in willow Groves,
 Of Collin's false and perjur'd Loves,
 Here Jenny told her Woes ;

And

And Moggy's Tears increas'd the Brook;
Whose Cheeks like dying Lillies look,
That once out-blush'd the Rose.

Unhappy fair ! my Words believe,
So shall no Swain your Hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair ;
E'er he disclose his fickle Mind,
Change first yourselves, for ah ! you'll find
False Collins ev'ry where.

S O N G XCIV.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her Heart's Love to
deny,
And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by :
I will own, without blushing, were all the World by,
That Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me,
That Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.

He brought me a Wreath which his Hands did
compose,
Where the dale-loving Lilly was turn'd with the Rose,
Young Myrtle in Sprigs did the Border inclose,
And Willy's the Lad for me.

By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express'd,
The Rose like your Lips, in Vermillion drest,
And the Lilly for Whiteness wou'd vie with your Breast,
And Willy's the Lad for me.

These Ribbands of mine were his Gifts at the Fair,
My Mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, beware,
But d'ye think I regard her ? not I, I declare,
And Willy's the Lad for me.

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Beneath a tall Beech, and reclin'd on his Crook,
 I saw my young Shepherd, how sweet was his Look!
 He ask'd for one Kifs, but a Hundred he took,
 And Willy's the Lad for me.

I cry'd you're too rude, with affected Disdain,
 (For early in Life we're instructed to feign)
 He made me no Answer, but kifs'd me again,
 And Willy's the Lad for me.

Then what can I do, instruct me, ye Maids,
 When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
 Whose Silence as much as his Langage persuades ;
 And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.

S O N G XCV.

O H! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 Or thou not despise a poor Conquest like me ?
 Or thou not despise a poor Conquest like me :
 On Lords, thy Admirers, could'st look with Disdain,
 And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my Pain,
 And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my Pain.

You said, while they teaz'd you with Nonsense
 . and Dress,
 When real the Passion, the Vanity's less:
 When real, &c.
 You saw thro' that Silence which others despise,
 And, while Beaux were talking, read Love in my
 Eyes,
 And, while, &c.

Oh! when shall I fold you, and kifs all your Charms,
 'Till, fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms,
 'Till, fainting, &c.

Thro' all the wild Transports of Extacy tost,
'Till sinking together, together we're lost!
'Till sinking, &c.

Oh! where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose Wit can enliven the dull Pause of Joy,
Whose Wit, &c.
And when the short Transports are all at an End,
From beautiful Mistress turn sensible Friend,
From beautiful, &c.

In vain could I praise you or strive to reveal,
Too nice for Expression, what only we feel;
Too nice, &c.
In all that you do, in each Look and each Mein,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen;
The Graces, &c.

When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a Woman no more;
I wonder, &c.
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those Lips, you grow Woman again;
And, kissing, &c.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care;
I'll gaze, &c.
I'll ask thy Advice when with Trouble oppress'd,
Which never displeases, yet always is best;
Which never, &c.

In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire;
Thy Taste, &c.

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I'll kiss thee, and press thee, 'till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendship, when Passion's no more;
And then, &c.

S O N G XCVI.

HOW blest has my Time been! what Days
have I known,
Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
That Freedom is tasteless, and roving a Pain,
That Freedom is tasteless, and roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us, our Boys and Girls frolick and play;
Tho' pleasing their Sport is, the wanton ones see,
They borrow their Looks from my Jessy and me;
They borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft'times am I seen,
In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
And meet me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,
And meets, &c.

What though on her Cheeks the Rose loses it's Hue,
Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year through:
Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth,
And gives, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to insnare,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam?
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home;
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home.



S O N G XCVII.

JOHNNY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

He. **L**ET Rakes for Pleasure range the Town,
Or Misers doat on golden Guineas;
Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,
The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's.
Mine and Jenny's, mine and Jenny's,
The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's,

She. Let wanton Maids indulge Desire,
How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is!
The Joys of Virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,
Mine and Johnny's, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,

She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is:

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

She. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ She. Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.

{ She. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. And Wedlock's Bands make Jenny Johnny's.

He. Let roving Swains your Hearts invade,
The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
The poor believing, simple Molly,
Simple Molly, &c.

She.

She. So Lucy lov'd and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry;
But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry,
Faithless Harry,

He. But we'll together, &c.

She. And live in Pleasure, &c.

He. By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
And leave Deceits for Knaves and Ninnies;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every Joy be mine and Jenny's,
Mine and Jenny's, &c.

She. Let Guilt the faithless Bosom fright,
The constant Heart is always bonny;
Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love shall live with me and Johnny,
Me and Johnny, &c.

He. Together then we'll sport and play,

She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

She. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ *She.* Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.

{ *He.* Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.

{ *She.* And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ *He.* And Wedlock's Bands make Jenny Johnny's.

S O N G CXVIII.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive Board was met; the social Band,
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent Stand;

My Sons (began the Sage) be this the Rule ;
 No Brow aukere must dare approach my School ;
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
 Old Care, be gone ! Here Sadness is a Sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the Joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
 Wealth and Wisdom I despise,
 Care surround the rich and wise :
 The Queen that gives soft Wishes Birth,
 And Bacchus, God of Wine and Mirth,
 Me their Friend and Fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone :
 Bus'ness, Title, Pomp, and State,
 Give 'em to the Fools I hate.

But let Love, let Life be mine,
 Bring me Women bring me Wine :
 Speed the dancing Hours away,
 Mind not what the grave-ones say :
 Gayly let the Minutes fly,
 In Wit and Freedom, Love and Joy ;
 So shall Love, shall Life be mine,
 Bring me Women, bring me Wine.

S O N G XCIX.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Dialogue.*

He. **C**AST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
 See the sporting Lambkins play ;
 Nature daily decks the Ground-
 All in Honour of the May :
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
 Listen to the Voice of Love.

She.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Tongue
Often held me in the Dale :
Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

He. Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Not the Garden's fairest Flow'r,
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal Hours,
Can delight thy Damon's Eye,
If Florella is not by.

She. Not the Waters gentle Fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
Can delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful Season gay,
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the Queen of May :
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

S O N G C.

WE're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
But we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
Then sit ye awhile and tippie a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet.
There was a Lad, and they cau'd him Dickey,
He ga' me a Kifs and I bit his Lippy;

The

Then under my Apron he shew'd me a Trick,
And we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet ;
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three Lads, and they were clad,
There were three Lasses, and them they had,
Three Trees in the Orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a'git geer enough, we're but young.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey, up went Ailey now,
Then up went Ailey Quo Crumma, we's a'get
roaring fow ;

And one was kifs'd in the Barn,
Another was kifs'd on the Green ;
And t'other behind the Pease Stack
'Till the Mow flew up to her Ey'en.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Now fie John Thompson, run,
Gin e'er you run in your Life ;
De'el get ye, but hye my dear Jack
There's a Man got to Bed with your Wife.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And a gad he run with Speed ;
But before he had run his Length,
The false Loon had done the Deed.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

S O N G C I.

COLLIN and PHOEBE. *A Dialogue.*

He. **B**E still, oh ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,
'Tis Phœbe invites and replies to my Strains:
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The Sun never rose on, search all the World thro';
A Shepherd so blest, or a fair-one so true.
A Shepherd so blest, or a fair-one so true.

She. Glide softly, ye Streams, and ye Nymphs,
round me throng.

'Tis Collin commands, and enlivens my Song:
Search all the World over, you never can find
A Maiden so blest, or a Shepherd so kind,
A Maiden so blest, or a Shepherd so kind.

Chorus both.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to
the Year,

The sweetest of Blessings that Life can endear:
Our Pleasures it brightens, drives Sorrows away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

He. With Phœbe beside me, the Seasons how gay!
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleasant as
May;

The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she
treads,

And Linnets and Nightingales sing thro' the
Meads,

And Linnets, &c.

She. When Collin is absent, 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the
Ground!

Instead of the Linner's and Nightingale's Song,
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Night long.
I hear the hoarse Raven, &c.

Both. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

He

He. O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my Phœbe and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by;
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long Day,
And Phœbe at Night all his Pains shall repay,
And Phœbe, &c.

She. By Moon-light, when Shadows glide over the
Plain,
His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arms shall sustain,
The dark haunted Grove I can trace without
Fear,
And sleep in a Cottage if Collin is near,
And sleep, &c.

Both. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

He. Ye Shepherds who wanton it over the Plain.
How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your
Pain?
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind She,
And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me,
And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me.

She. Ye Nymphs who the Pleasures of Love never
try'd,
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your
Guide:
Your Hearts keep from Pride and Inconstancy
free,
And learn to be happy from Collin and me,
And learn to be happy from Collin and me.

Chorus both.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to
the Year,
The sweetest of Blessings that Life can endear:
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Our Pleasure it brightens, drives Sorrow away,
 Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.
 Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

S O N G CII.

I Tell with equal Truth and Grief,
 That Chloe is an arrant Thief :
 Before the Urchin well cou'd go,
 She stole the Whiteness of the Snow ;
 And more, that Whiteness to adorn,
 She stole the Blushes of the Morn,
 She stole the Blushes of the Morn.

She pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teath
 And stole the Cow's ambrosial Breath ;
 The Cherry, steep'd in Morning Dew,
 Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue :
 These were her Infant Spoils, a Store,
 To which in Time she added more.

At Twelve she stole, from Cyprus' Queen,
 Her Air, and Love-commanding Mien ;
 Stole Juno's Dignity, and stole
 From Pallas Sense to charm the Soul :
 Apollo's Wit was next her Prey ;
 Her next the Beam that lights the Day.

There's no repeating all her Wiles,
 She stole the Graces winning Smiles ;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
 And to assert their Voice appear'd :
 She play'd, the Muses from their Hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their Skill.

Great

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day she stole my Heart:
If Lovers, Cupid, are thy Care,
Exert your Vengeance on this Fair:
To Trial bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be—*my Arms.*

S O N G CIII.

SPRING renewing, all Things gay,
Nature's Dictates all obey;
In each Creature we may see
The Effect of Love's Decree:
Thus their State, such their Fate,
Do not, Polly, stay too late,
Do not, Polly, stay too late.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may;
Why should precious Time be lost?
After Summer comes a Frost:
All pursue Nature's Due,
Let us, Polly, do so too,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark! how kind that Swain and Lass!
Yonder sitting on the Grass;
See how earnestly he sues,
Whilst she blushing can't refuse:
See yon two, how they woo,
Let us, Polly, do so too,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark that Cloud, above the Plain,
See! it seems to threaten Rain:

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Herds and Flocks do run together,
 Seeking Shelter from the Weather :
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Therefore let us do so too,
 Therefore let us do so too.

S O N G C I V.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
 A Flame which Time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy :
 You greater Bards the Lyre should hit,
 For say, what Subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling Wit,
 And Bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled Thorn,
 Does not so much the Day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 And when in Thetis' Lap to rest,
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
 He's not so beauteous, as undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the V'ilet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask Rose,
 It does not half the Sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 I stole a Kiss the other Day,
 And (trust me) nought but Truth I say,
 The Fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic Weed,
 With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten Reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy :
 With her a Cottage would delight,
 All's happy when she's in my Sight,
 But when she's gone 'tis endless Night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r still rove,
 And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
 Or stately Swans the Waters love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.
 And, when Death, with his pointed Dart,
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
 My Words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu my lovely Peggy.

S O N G C V.

WHEN Britons first, by Heav'n's Command,
 Arose from out the azure Main ;
 Arose, &c.

'Tis was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
 And Guardian Angels sung this Strain :
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the Waves,
 For Britons never will be Slaves.

The Nations, not so bless'd as thee,
 Must in their Turn to Tyrants fall ;
 Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
 The Dread and Envy of them all :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

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Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign Stroke ;
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud Blast that tears, that tears the Skies,
 Serves but to root thy native Oak :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their Attempts to bend the down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous Flame,
 And work their Woe, and thy Renown :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
 Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine ;
 Thy Cities, &c.
 All thine, shall be, shall be the subject Main,
 And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, fill with Freedom's Sounds,
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair ;
 Shall to, &c.
 Bless'd Isle, with Beauties, with matchless Beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the fair :
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
 For Britons never will be Slaves.

S O N G C V I.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day ;
 The Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day :

The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
The Fields all round are gayly dress'd,
Arise my Love, and play, and play;
Arise, &c.

Come forth my fair, come forth bright Maid,
And bless thy Shepherd's Sight;
Come forth, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,
Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,
And give them sweet Delight,
And give, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
Those Smiles your Charms improve;
Thy Presence, &c.

Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their Toil,
And tune their Notes to Love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine,
Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine;
E'er other Eyes ye Beauties see,
Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be;
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine.

S O N G C V I I.

BEHOLD the sweet Flowers around,
With all the bright Beauties they wear;
Yet none on the Plains can be found
So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair:

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Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,
 No longer in Silence remain,
 No longer in Silence remain;
 Oh lend a fond Lover your Notes,
 To soften, to soften my Celia's Disdain,
 To soften my Celia's Disdain.

Oft-times in yon flowery Vale,
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song;
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song;
 Fair Flora attends the sad Tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,
 And sweetens the Borders along:
 But Celia whose Breath might perfume
 The Bosom of Flora in May,
 The Bosom of Flora in May;
 Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can can say.

S O N G C V I I I .

THE blithest Bird that sings in May,
 Was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah well-a-day!
 Than I, ah well-a-day!
 E'er Collin yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the Reason why,
 Oh Love, ah well-a-day!
 Oh Love, ah well-a-day!

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew,
 From whence these fond Endearments grew;
 'Till he, ah well-a-day!
 'Till he, &c.

By Time and other Swains made wife,
 Began to talk of Heart and Eyes,
 And Love, ah well-a-day !
 And Love, &c.

Kind Nature now took Collin's Part,
 My Eyes inform'd against my Heart,
 My Heart, ah well-a-day !
 My Heart, &c.
 Strait glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
 And echo'd back each gentle Sigh ;
 Each Sigh, ah well-a-day !
 Each Sigh, &c.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be won ?
 He ask'd a Proof, a tender one,
 While I, ah well-a-day !
 While I, ah well-a-day !
 In Silence blush'd a fond Reply,
 Can she who truly loves deny ?
 Ah, no, ah well-a-day !
 Ah, no, ah well-a-day !

S O N G CIX.

GO, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace,
 My Chloe's Bosom grace ;
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove ;
 Might I supply that envied Place,
 With never fading Love,
 With never fading Love.

There Phoenix like beneath her Eye,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,

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Know, hapless Flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there;
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair.

One common Fate we both must prove,
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

S O N G CX.

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul;
 Large as my capacious Soul;
 Vast as my Thirst is,
 Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave;
 I mean the Grave of all my Care,
 For I design to bury't there;
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres.
 As that bright Cup, as that bright Cup,
 Amongst the Stars,
 Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul.

S O N G CXI.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver Stream;
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay:

The

The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
All look'd as Joy could never fail,
Among the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of Shepherds, and their Pride;
Now Arno's Sons must all give Place
To Northern Men, an Iron Race:
The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er,
Thy Notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

S O N G CXII.

SMILE, smile Britannia, smile,
Thy Genius comes again,
To guard thy fruitful Isles,
And thunder o'er the Main:
Thy gallant Sons disdaining Ease,
Now crown the Mistress of the Seas,
Now crown the Mistress of the Seas.

While dauntless they advance,
And bid the Cannons roar;
They'll scourge the Pride of France,
And shake th' Imperial Throne:
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves,
With Courage never known to Slaves,
With Courage, &c.

The Deck all stain'd with Blood,
The Bullets wing'd with Fate;
The wide and restless Flood,
Cannot the Rage abate:

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In HAWKE and in BOSCAWEN wake,
The Souls of RUSSEL, and of DRAKE,
The Sculs, &c.

Briton's, pursue the Blow,
Like Sons of Freedom fight;
Convince the haughty Foe,
That you'll maintain your Right:
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your Empire o'er the Main,
Assert your Empire o'er the Main.

S O N G CXIII.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious Design,
To 'scape from her Charms, and to drown
 'em in Wine;
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The Wine in my Head, and still Love in my Heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid,
Who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance
 weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my Prayer,
That Hebe was fairest, of all that was fair.

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for a Counsel, to find out a Fault;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find Fault with Hebe, would forfeit my Name.

What Hope then, alas! of Relief from my Pain,
While, like Light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing
 Vein;
My Senses surpriz'd, in her Favour took Arms,
And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

S O N G

S O N G CXIV.

GOD save great George, our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King :

Send him victorions,
 Happy, and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter our Enemies,
 And make them fall :
 Confound their Politics,
 Frustrate their knavish Tricks ;
 On him our Hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in Store,
 On George be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign ;
 May he defend our Laws,
 And ever give us Cause,
 To sing with Heart and Voice,
 God save the King.

S O N G CXV.

THE new-flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May,
 Come, Pastorella, now the Spring,
 Makes ev'ry Landskip gay :
 Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade,
 O'er half the Plain extend,
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring Branches bend ;
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

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Come, taste the Season in-it's Prime,
 And blest the rising Year ;
 Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
 'Till thou, my Love, appear :
 Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
 Warm in thy Beauty's shine,
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 And intermix, &c.

For thee of Doves, a milk-white Pair,
 In silken Bands I hold :
 For thee a firstling Lambkin fair,
 I keep within the Fold :
 If milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
 Or tender Lambkins please,
 My spotless Heart without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these,
 Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G CXVI.

ARISE sweet Messenger of Morn,
 With thy mild Beam our Skies adorn ;
 For long as Shepherds pipe and play,
 This, this, shall be a Holy-day,
 Holy-day, Holy-day, Holy-day,
 This, this, shall be a Holy-day.

See! Morn appears ; a rosy Hue
 Steals soft o'er yonder Orient Blue ;
 Soon let us meet in trim Array,
 And frolick out this Holy-day,
 Holy-day, Holy-day, Holy-day,
 And frolick out this Holy-day.

S O N G CXVII.

FLY swiftly ye Minutes, 'till Comus receive
 The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can give;
 The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the Raptures of Love,
 And she in return yield the Raptures of Love.

Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
 All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain :
 The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave,
 Love, and Wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what
 ye gave;
 Love, and Wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what
 ye gave.

C H O R U S .

Away, away, away,
 To Comus Court repair;
 There Night out-shines the Day,
 There yields the melting Fair.

S O N G CXVIII.

BY the gayly circling Glass,
 We can see how Minutes pass ;
 By the hollow Cask are told,
 How the waning Night grows old,
 How the waning Night grows old :
 Soon, too soon, the busy Day,
 Drives us from our Sport and Play :
 What have we with Day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

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[S O N G CXIX.

AS Chloe came into the Room t'other Day,
 I peevish began, where so long cou'd you stay;
 In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour,
 You promis'd at Two, but, look Child! 'tis Four:
 A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures or Wheels,
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals;
 A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear;
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord, blefs me! says she, let a Body but speak,
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck;
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a Degree,
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see!
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made;
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd:
 That Scene of Delight, I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

S O N G CXX.

HOW brimful of nothing's the Life of a Beau,
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do;
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air,
 Spend the Morning in nothing, but curling their Hair;
 And do nothing all Day, but sing, saunter, and stare,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing at Night, to the Play-House they crowd,
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
 And for nothing at Cards, a fair Partner they call;
 For they still must be boasted, who've nothing at all:
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing on Sundays, at Church they appear,
 They have nothing to hope for, nor nothing to fear;
 They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

SONG CXXI.

RECITATIVE.

THE Chace is o'er, and on the Plain,
 The Hounds the lusty Stag have slain;
 Let the Horns with sprightly Tone,
 All our sportive Pleasures crown.

AIR.

Of Britons, thus the ancient Race,
 With nervous Toil pursue the Chace;
 By no ungen'rous Thoughts controul'd,
 Their Hearts were honest, free, and bold,
 Their Hearts were honest, free, and bold.
 Of Britons, &c.

Like them again, no Slaves to Courts,
 Let Britons still pursue their Sports;
 Like them again, shall Britons be,
 As brave, as honest, and as free,
 Like them again, shall Britons be,
 As brave, as honest, and as free.

S O N G CXXII.

AT the Foot of a Hill in a neat lonely Cot,
 To die an old Maid I'am afraid is my Lot;
 Not a Man but my Father e'er seen in this Place,
 Think how hard my Condition and pity my Case,
 Think how hard my Condition and pity my Case.

Young Willy, the Pride of the Plains, I adore;
 He's handsome, good-humour'd, has Riches in store:
 But I'm a poor Damsel, of Parentage base;
 Think how hard my Condition, and pity my Case.
 Think how hard, &c.

My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
 She chid me, and forc'd me away from my Spark;
 Then talk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame, and Disgrace,
 Think how hard my Condition, and pity my Case.
 Think how hard, &c.

Such a strange Alteration has seiz'd me of late,
 Like a Turtle I mourn all the Day for my Mate:
 At Night in my Dreams his blest Image I trace,
 Think how hard my Condition, and pity my Case,
 Think how hard, &c.

Whene'er I think of him, I sigh and look pale,
 My Mother she asks me, what is it I ail?

My rural Companions all look in my Face,
And in friendly Compassion they pity my Case,
And in friendly, &c.

Oh Hymen! be kind, and give Ear to my Sighs,
Restore my young Shepherd once more to my Eyes;
The dear nuptial Moment with Joy I'll embrace,
And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case;
And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case.

S O N G CXXIII.

MY fond Shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gays:
That each Night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the Day:
But ah! what a scene must appear,
Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er;
Shall the Tabor no more strike the Ear,
Shall the Dance on the Green be no more.

Must the Flocks from their Pastures be led,
Must the Herds go wild fraying abroad;
Shall the Looms be all stopp'd in each Shed,
And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road:
Must the Arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall Commerce grow sick of the Tide;
Must Religion expire on the Ground,
And shall Virtue sink down by her Side.



T H E E N D.

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